

Lawrence Lamson
Class 1934



The Hamiltonian

Autumn Number

November

1930

Hamilton High School - - - Hamilton, Massachusetts



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Published By The Students of
HAMILTON HIGH SCHOOL

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November, 1930

Literary

Saved By a Dog

WALKING through a gloomy pine forest were two boys of perhaps fourteen years of age, each bearing a bulging knapsack. "Look here, Jim," said Archie Atwood, one of the young hikers, "it seems to me it's about time to start back to camp. What time is it by your tin ticker?"

Jim Johnson, his companion, obligingly glanced at his wrist, only to find that the wrist watch was missing.

"It's gone!" he exclaimed. "Oh, I must have lost it when I climbed up that tree. I'm going back after it. You walk on slowly so that I can catch up with you after I've found my watch. So long."

With these words he trudged back along the way he had just come.

Neither boy noticed Jerry, a small wire-haired terrier, which had been trailing along behind the two hikers. As the two boys took separate paths, Jerry stood undecided for a long moment as he wondered which boy he should follow. Finally he decided in favor of the wrist

watch hunter. He ran along with Jim, occasionally barking as a rabbit or squirrel attracted his attention.

Jim, rather irritated at the persistent barking of the tiny canine, and further aggravated because of his unsuccessful search for the missing time piece, pointed an imperious finger toward camp, and commanded, "Go home, Jerry! Home!"

Obediently the disappointed dog slunk away, and Jim continued his survey of the neighborhood unmolested by the dog's barking.

Half an hour later, Jim was disappointedly trudging toward camp, still minus the wrist watch. As he was cautiously stepping between a cleft in two great rocks, he felt some squirming, slimy object crunching under his heel. Looking down, Jim saw a tiny snake twisting in it's death agonies, blood streaming from its crushed head.

"Holy smoke! That's a young king snake, and I had better be going before——". He never finished that sentence, for he gazed straight into a pair of glittering eyes that fixed an angry, malevo-

lent gaze on him. Under the diamond-shaped head was a scaly, yellow and black mottled body as fat around as Jim's arm.

The reptile that lay poised and coiled before him had evidently witnessed the death of her young, and vengefully drew back her sinuous coils in preparation to strike. Jim backed up against one of the rocks, his face a chalky white; cold, clammy perspiration was trickling over his face. Suddenly the wicked head shot forward with the speed of light, but it was a fraction of a second late. A white thunderbolt whizzed by Jim and launched itself straight at the fat coils of the reptile. A cloud of dust and leaves obscured Jim's vision, but after several minutes of vigorous combat, Jerry appeared, holding the limp body of a very dead king snake between his teeth.

While Jerry stood in front of him, his tail proudly wagging at his achievements, Jim heard the sound of approaching footsteps. A tall, raw boned, spectacled individual bearing a case containing several butterfly-nets strode through a tangle of bushes and stopped in front of Jim.

"Hello! How——" and then his eyes fell on the ropelike object between Jerry's

jaws. "What's this! Why it can't be! Why its a king snake, all of five feet long, the the longest I've ever seen. Where did you get that, my boy?" Jim told the whole story of being attacked by the snake, and when he had finished, the man promptly offered him ten dollars for the reptile.

"A king snake of that size and length, found in this part of the country is a very rare object, my boy. I have been waiting for years for something like this," he said, after explaining about his position as curator of the Smithtown Institute of Natural History.

The curator drew forth a bulging wallet, selected a ten dollar bill from the roll dealing in large denomination, and passed it to Jim.

After a few farewell salutations, the curator strode off with the reptile Jerry had so valorously conquered, leaving Jim dazedly staring at the ten dollar bill in his hand.

Several days later, Jerry was to be seen proudly wearing a magnificent collar, and his usually lean sides were filled out to an abnormal degree, which testified to the consumption of five dollars worth of the choicest steaks and bones which Jim had purchased for him from the local butcher. —George Magnan, '33

Private Pilots

THE day of the examination for private pilot licenses by the Department of Commerce Inspector had at last arrived.

We students were at the Beverly Airport shortly after seven A.M. and many of us gave our *Air Commerce Regulations* the well known once-over, for as you probably know, the written test for Private Pilot is as important as the flying one.

Mr. Hoyt, the Department of Commerce examiner, arrived shortly after eight, and at once set himself to the task at hand with the efficiency usually noted

in a government man.

We were soon in the midst of the written examination, chewing our pencils while we tried to pull from a remote corner of our mind the answers to some of the elusive questions. After finishing our paper, we anxiously waited for Mr. Hoyt to correct our "Masterpieces." At last he finished them, and having found them satisfactory, he gave us the instructions for the flying test.

"You are to take-off, climb to about three hundred feet, make a left turn and come

in for a normal landing, landing over a mark, which I shall designate upon the field, and within three hundred feet of it.

"The second time around, climb to one thousand feet and make a left hand turn. "Cutting the gun" over the field, perform a 180 turn and land as I designated for the previous time. Then take-off and climb to one thousand feet, and over fixed pylons make three shallow and three steep figure eights. When you have completed those, climb to two thousand feet, fly into the wind and "cutting the spiral gun" over the field make two of a turns and land as in the previous quirements. That's all."

The applicants were divided into groups of two. One taking off, while the other was flying around for landing.

When my turn came, I was a little

anxious and my flying was not as good as usual. I was the most surprised when I was doing my figure eights. A person usually loses altitude while doing them, I started with one thousand and ended up with nearly three thousand feet. It was blowing so hard up there that I was literally tossed upwards.

Luck was with us for we are all Private Pilots now, which means, as most of you know, that the Private pilot is allowed to fly any licensed aircraft anywhere in the United States. He is also allowed to carry passengers, but not for hire.

It certainly seems good to be a real pilot for you realize that you have entered the realm where only the brave dare enter and where battles are fought with the chivalry of the Middle Ages

—O. P. Lee, '31.



A Battle, Ten Thousand Feet Above the Earth

WITH a grim smile on his face, the German Ace, Von Shenider, banked his scarlet plane and headed towards his lines, his patrol following. Why shouldn't he smile? He had destroyed an American airdrome and sent three American aviators to their deaths. Why shouldn't he smile? He hadn't lost a man and had accomplished his mission!

Now the scarlet plane, leading five more, was over its own airdrome. It circled the field twice, nosed downward, and lightly touched the ground, the other five planes following. Bragging over their victory, the six men reported to their commander and received orders for the following day.

At four o'clock the next morning, Von Shenider and his four comrades were in their planes ready to take off. Finally the German ace started down the field, quickly gained speed, and rose into the air.

The other planes followed and at 10,000 feet they got into formation, left the field, and headed for American territory.

While the German planes flew toward enemy lines, actions were also taking place at the American Airdrome. Jack Johnson, a young American Commander, was in his plane ready to take to the air. Signaling to his men, he opened the throttle, sped toward the end of the field, lifted his plane into the air, followed by four more speeds. The five planes, climbing at a dangerous angle, soon reached 12,000 feet, leveled off, circled the field twice and turned their noses toward German territory. On sped the planes, just above the fleecy white clouds, they flew for hours but saw no enemy planes. At last Jack, signaled his patrol and dropped out of the clouds. One moment before, there were no German machines in sight.

Now, 2,000 feet below were six, led by—a grin spread over Jack's face—led by Von Shenider!

For months and months Jack had wanted to meet Von Shenider. Yesterday three of his best friends were shot down by him. Now was his chance. Either Von Shenider or Jack Johnson would crash!

The American patrol dropped down like an arrow, their machine guns spurring bullets. The Germans separated. These were the two forces. Six German Aces against an ordinary American patrol

In less time than Jack knew, two of his men had crashed to their deaths, but he was on Von Sheniders' tail, his machine

guns were at work and his face wore a grim expression. Suddenly the red plane burst into flames, turned over, and fell into a tailspin. Four minutes later it crashed, carrying the great German Ace.

While taking his last look at Von Shenider's plane, Jack's mind wandered. When he turned and look again, he was surrounded by the enemy. A bullet struck the instrument board, suddenly oil burst into his face, the gas tank exploded, and his plane burst into flames. Well, this was the end, but anyway, he plunged to his death with a grim smile on his face—he had rid the air of Von Shenider.

—Harold McDonald, '32.



The Cuttlefish

LAST Friday my Uncle Aloysius finally relented and let me get into a diving suit to explore the ocean bed. The precious day he had allowed me to stay on his submarine, the "Crusader" to locate a missing yacht which had sunk in a recent storm. The submarine was resting on ocean bed about a mile from the surface, and I grabbed my golden opportunity before my uncle had a chance to change his mind.

When at length I finally managed to struggle into my metal diving-suit which was built for use under great pressure, I looked like an automaton. Every joint of the suit was operated by the ball and socket system, and I found that by exerting pressure on wires inside the metal hand, I could control the metal fingers. Screwed on to the neck of my diving suit was a globular helmet with glass panes reinforced by wire netting through which I could see. My uncle had done away with the peril of carrying an air line which could kink and foul and suffocate the diver. In its place was a rounded steel box which contained the necessary oxygen-manufacturing chemicals.

I stiffly stepped out between two sliding steel doors which automatically closed as I stepped knee-deep into the slime at the bottom of the ocean. Strange sickly, green plants waved to and fro, influenced by the ocean current, and, by means of the portable searchlight attached to my helmet, I saw fleeting glimpses of hideous, horny, eels, multi-colored and weird-shaped fish as they swam by much attracted by the light. I waded with difficulty through the slimy ooze that covered the ocean bed. Finally an out-jutting rock shut off my view of the submarine. A black deep hole loomed up in front of me, and two green, luminous eyes set widely apart, fixed their hideous, unwinking, stare directly upon me. A long, rope like object snaked out of the hole, and, under the glare of my searchlight, I saw an object resembling a suction cup writhing at the end of the tentacle. Several other snakelike tentacles emanated from the pit. I slowly and clumsily turned to flee, but was hampered by my heavy suit, as well as the great pressure at that depth. With a feeling of horror, I felt the steel plates around me

as two tentacles entwined around my diving suit, Directly above me, in the glare of my headlight, a great horny beak was poised, and I recognized that my assailant was a cuttlefish. I jabbed savagely at the form looming above me until a scaly tentacle wrested it from my grasp.

Water was trickling into my suit and it was with the greatest difficulty that I breathed. Suddenly the mighty beak swirled down, and then —Smash! I opened my eyes to find myself not reposing in the belly of a cuttlefish, but lying on the floor beside my bed.

"George" I heard my mother calling, "Wake up! Your breakfast is getting cold and it's almost time for the school barge to come!"

"Petrified horrors!" I said, rubbing my eyes, "What a dream I just had! I have been obsessed with the hallucination that a cuttlefish was just about to obliterate, and assimilate me!"

"Now you listen to me young man," my mother said, "If that is what you get from reading that horrible magazine, *Astounding Stories*, that will be the last magazine *you* are going to read for a while. Now come down stairs and eat your breakfast!" —*George Magnon*, '33.



How a Nickle Became a Dollar

IT was on a dull Saturday morning that I found a nickel on the road. On my way home, I kept thinking of how I could make a dollar to pay for my bicycle tire. I decided to buy a fishing line with the nickel and try my luck at fishing. If I should be fortunate, I might catch enough fish to earn the needed dollar, and, at the same time, I could spend an enjoyable forenoon.

Hastily, I ran down town and bought the fishing line. As soon as I got home, I dug some worms and then I was off.

When I got to the brook, I took out my tackle and baited my line. I fished for about an hour but no luck; for another half hour I patiently fished, then I felt a nibble. I tried to pull it in but I couldn't. After an hour of struggling, I finally got it on shore. Guess what it was! A snapping mud turtle! I was not only dissatisfied, but in my disgust, I started for home. However, on a second thought, I decided to take it along with me.

Knowing that restaurants often serve *mock* turtlesoup. I thought perhaps some restaurant might be glad of an opportunity to serve the *real* thing. So I stopped at the restaurant and inquired. To my delight I sold the turtle, which was a big one weighing twenty-five pounds, for a dollar. This reminded me of my bicycle tire, and I walked home thinking what a lucky boy I was!

—*Alexander Koloski*, '33.

Magnon (Explaining his story to Mrs. Boyd): "There is a great climax in the last part. Just as two burglars climb in the kitchen window, the clock strikes one and - -"

Mrs. Boyd: "George, be more explicit, which one did the clock strike?"

Student of Aviation

Instructor: "Define 'aviator'."

Lee: "One who flies a plane."

Instructor: "And 'aviatrix'?"

Lee: "Those are the tricks he does."

A Five Cent Snake Value—One Dollar

I CAN still remember that day when I paid five cents for a snake with its poison gland cut out. The first time I held it, I got the creeps and had all that I could do to keep from yelling, but after a while it did not frighten me so much.

About a week after I got the snake, a stranger offered me fifty cents for it. We made the exchange. He coolly stooped to pick him off the fence rail where I had placed him. Suddenly the snake coiled itself and hissed at him. The man yelled in deadly fear and hot-footed it for parts unknown.

It was a month before I could locate him in New York. I wrote him that I would send him the snake by express. I received a letter from him by return mail begging me to keep the snake and the money.

A week after that humorous but profitable incident, my friend Donald Greeley bet me fifty cents that his pet monkey was not afraid of my little rattler. Well, I won that bet easily enough, because that little monkey just gave one squint at that reptile, and then beat it for the nearest tree. —*Abraham Bookstein, '33*



Smiles

Billy Smith: "Your father has a strong box at the store, hasn't he, Abie?"

Bookstein: "Yeah. The one he keeps his limburger in."

—o—

Examiner: "Suppose you were at ten thousand feet, and your plane suddenly burst into flames. What would you do?"

Lee (Trying for Flying License): "Try to keep cool, sir."

—o—

Willie Carter: "You say anything to me, big boy, and I'll make you eat your words."

Eddie Carter: "Chicken dumplin', cranberry sause, an' watermelon!"

—o—

Miss Cragg (In disgust): "You call these shades alike? Is there anything you *can* match?"

Miller: "Yes'm, pennies."

Mrs. Ramer (In science class): "Law-ence, what can you tell me about nitrates?"

Lamson. "Well-er-they're a lot cheaper than day rates."

—o—

Mrs. Ramer: "Gordon, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation and attraction of cohesion?"

McCulloch; "Yes'm, attraction of gravitation pulls a drunken man to the ground and attraction of cohesion prevents his getting up again."

—o—

George: "Tell me how to make a Maltese cross."

Magnan: "Step on his tail, mum."

—o—

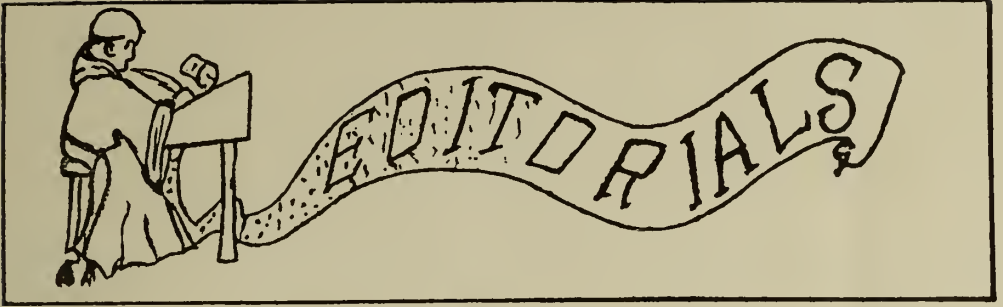
Overheard at Scout Camp

Arthur Perkins (confidentially to his brother George): "Say, George, what would you really do if you met a bear?"

George: "Climb a tree!"

Arthur; "But bears can climb trees, too."

George: "Not my tree--it would shake too much."



Joint Assembly

THE Junior and Senior High School held a joint assembly at the Community House, from 8:30-9:30 (A.M.), October tenth. The assembly opened with the saluting of the flag, followed by the singing of "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean." Several pieces were spoken pertaining to Columbus Day. The Junior 1 Dramatic Club presented a play, "Actions Speak Louder Than Words." The actors were Virginia Gould, Lillian Emeney, Howard Weston, Patrick Keough, and Benjamin Robertson, all of whom played their parts well.

After the conclusion of this part of the assembly, Esther Lee, the editor-in-chief of our school magazine, *The Hamiltonian*, came forward and spoke to the students about the school spirit which should be shown toward our magazine. She urged all pupils to show their interest by writing stories and articles for the magazine.

Orrin Lee, the business manager, then announced that two teams had been chosen for this year's contest, the "Irish" and the "Scotch." He named the leaders of each team and then told each pupil to which team he was to belong. Each member of the losing team, has to bring a nickel to buy candy for the winning team!

The Scotch and Irish at once began to fight. The score at the present time of writing is 106 to 88, in favor of the Scotch.

Sportsmanship

IN every community there is need of physical health. In order to gain this requirement we perform out-of-door sports. Therefore, many clubs have been formed in which every member works for a common purpose—to win.

Very often this does not happen, then we are able to see just what kind of members make up the teams. The losers should take their failures as experiences they have gained and try to correct their errors in the next game.

These few points on sportsmanship work in very well with our Hamilton High base ball team. For a long time they were unsuccessful but were always willing to try again. At last a team has been selected that co-operates with its coach and works for one purpose—to win, not for individual glory, but for Hamilton.

The two fall baseball games have been a success for Hamilton. We all hope that they will continue with their good luck. We hope, as they become more and more successful in their team work that they will be good winners, thankful, but not boastful.

—A. Newhall, '31.

Poorly Ventilated Lavatories and Overcrowded Classrooms

THERE are several very good reasons why the town should build a new High School, but the two most important are unsanitary conditions and overcrowded rooms.

First, let us consider the unsanitary state of the building. The lavatories are located in the center of the cellar, in such a way as to make proper ventilation impossible. They are small, dark and damp, altogether a most unpleasant place. Also, their location next to the cooking room, makes that place unhealthful.

Second, the building is badly overcrowded, especially in the Junior High School. In one room, fifty students are placed, with seats for only forty children. The rest are using a table for part of their books, and are sitting in portable seats.

The Senior High School is overcrowded to such an extent that pupils in study halls must try to study with a class reciting in the same room. This occurs several periods each day.

These conditions and several more make the need of a high school of paramount importance to everybody.

—*John M. Sewell*, '31.

Farewell and Welcome

WE were all sorry when we heard of the resignation of our former principal, Mr. Cottle; however, we wish him great success in his new position.

Under his supervision, our school made many strides toward a higher goal. One of the most important of Mr. Cottle's accomplishments was the raising of the scholastic standing of our high school. Now, to be an honor student, out of the sixty credits required for graduation, fifty of them must be honor credits.

When Mr. Cottle came to Hamilton our school magazine was deeply in debt. Under his efficient management, the debt was cleared and, in addition, last year sufficient money was made to help the Athletic Association purchase some necessary equipment.

Mr. Spalding, our new principal, is proving a very able successor to Mr. Cottle. We have already noticed several good changes.

It is very evident that under Mr. Spalding's interest and excellent coaching our athletic teams are going to improve.

We have also noticed that although Mr. Spalding is quite, he means business. It is very evident that he believes courtesy is one of the foundation stones in building character, developing good citizens, and in securing an education.

We like him, and hope we will behave ourselves in such a manner that he will like us!

Prospects for a New High School

THERE seem to be some real good prospects which may enable us to have a new high school. A few weeks ago Mr. Samuel Morse, Assistant Commissioner of Education in Massachusetts, visited us and found that our high school was not adequate to our needs.

Some of the reasons why our high school is not up to the standard are: the rooms are so overcrowded that in many instances teachers have over forty pupils in a recitation period, which means less than one minute per pupil; rooms where pupils are trying to study subjects other than bookkeeping and stenography, are conducted in the senior room when, at the same time, a typewriting class is being held in the adjoining room with only a glass partition to separate the two; the lighting system is so poor that certain desks in the room do not receive as much light as they should; the laboratory is not up to date; a gymnasium is needed; and although the basements have been painted and cleaned during the summer vacation, they are still very far from sanitary

The investigation committee, which was appointed at the last town meeting, has been through the school building looking for sufficient reasons why we need a new high school. Although they have not yet given any report, our hopes and prospects are still high because we know our high school is not suitable for the work we are trying to do in it.

New Periodicals

New York Times

THROUGH the influence of our principal, Mr. Spalding, pupils of Hamilton High School are fortunate to have daily copies of the *New York Times* to read.

We find this magazine an ideal one for school purposes. In the week day paper, there are always fine articles of current events which make interesting oral recitations in history classes. The editorial page always has several interesting literary articles, and pupils of Music Appreciation classes will find articles pertaining to this subject in nearly every edition. Sport enthusiasts will find news to their heart's content on the sporting page and there is plenty to interest the Movie and Theatre fans.

Then there is the Sunday edition which reaches us the first thing Monday morning. In this edition there is a wonderful photogravure section and an exceptionally fine Book Review Magazine.

Yes, we are all enjoying the paper; if you doubt it, visit the English room almost any hour of the day and you will find several pupils quietly interested in "reading the news".

Current History

We are sure that Mrs. Boyd's heart is happy now. *Current History* has arrived, and truly we agree with her; it is the thing for our history classes. Already we have had several recitations upon especially assigned or selected topics.

Of special interest were the articles on "Monarchy a Lost Cause in Germany," "British Policy in India." The article on "Machinery and Unemployment," gave us a better understanding of the unemployment now so prevalent throughout the United States.

One of the most interesting as well as educational, articles was "The League of Nations." It seems that the League is taking up such questions as "The Opium Problem and its Control" and "International Labor Organization." The article on "The Working Man of Russia," was indeed an enlightenment. We hope that no one will miss reading that article. Now that Hamilton High School is a subscriber to the *New York Times* and *Current History*, we should all be abreast the times in world news. No need for any one to be a back number now!

Scribner's

Another new periodical that comes to the high school is *Scribner's* magazine which should be of great interest to the pupils.

This well-known magazine not only contains articles that can be used in English and History but also many references that are valuable for Economics and Geography. This magazine is published every month and can be found in Mrs. Boyd's room. All pupils are invited and urged to borrow this and read some of its worthwhile articles.

Standard for Honor Pupils Raised

THIS year there probably will be fewer honor pupils in the graduating class than there has been in past years, but, to be an honor pupil will be a much greater honor.

In past years, ranks received in the ninth grade were counted toward Senior High graduation credits, and of the eighty points required for graduation, only sixty of them had to be honor credits.

Just why ranks from the Junior High—which had already been counted once for a diploma—should be given credit over again is a puzzle. Mr. Cottle, our previous principal, saw the fallacy of this arrangement, and, in his desire to raise the standing of the Hamilton High School to meet college requirements, brought about the present change.

Now, for a Senior High diploma, only ranks received during Senior High years are counted, and to be an honor pupil of the required sixty credits, fifty of them must be honor credits.

College Credits

OUR new principal is very anxious to raise the standing of the college preparatory standards, and has started quite a strenuous check-up system.

Eor several years it has been the custom at Hamilton High School to send

out, in the middle of each term, deficiency cards to all pupils who are below a passing grade of seventy percent. Parents who receive these cards are thus warned of the low grades their children are doing.

Whereas seventy is a passing grade for the majority of the pupils in the high school, it is not a passing grade for those pupils who plan on entering college. The necessary grade for certification required of college preparatory students is eighty - five percent; hence, the parents of these pupils receive a deficiency card if their children fall below that standard.

By this system there will no longer be an opportunity for parents of college preparatory students not to be aware that their children are not doing work of sufficiently high quality to enable the school to certify them for college.



Exchanges

The Signboard,

Bay Path Institute, Springfield,

Your school paper is interesting. We liked your article on the Get-Acquainted Party and consider it a very good plan.

The Cub,

Manning High School,

Your literary department is very interesting. It would improve your magazine to have a language department, don't you think?

Lasell Leaves,

Auburndale, Mass.

In the Alumni number, we enjoyed Elinor Packard's Translation of Virgil.

We always enjoy your magazine and hope to be fortunate enough to exchange with you again this year.

Spaghetti a Reducer?

Orrin: "Hey, Esther, thought you were on a diet."

Esther: "So I am."

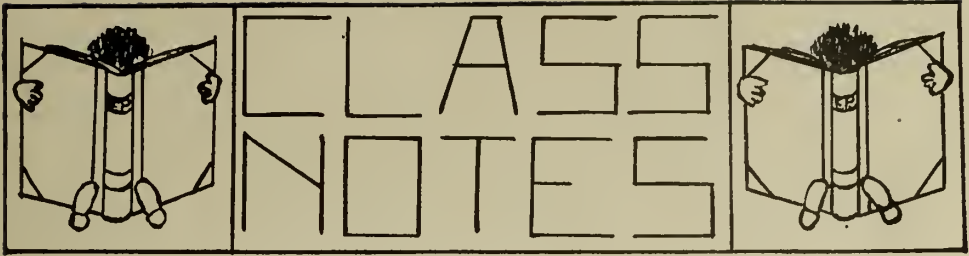
Orrin: "Spaghetti doesn't keep your weight down."

Esther: "I know it, but the exercise I get eating it does."

—o—

Miss Anderson; "Lawrence, why did the Romans abolish the cruel custom of feeding Christians to the lions?"

Lamson: "Why, er—I suppose it was because the lions ate up all the prophets."



Senior Class Report

THE senior class held its first class meeting on September tenth and elected its class officers. With the aid of a new president, F. Wesley Garra, the year's activities have begun.

On the fifteenth of October a Harvest supper was held. A large number of townspeople attended the event and greatly enjoyed the home cooked food. We believe that it certainly lived up to the reputation of former school suppers. This was the first event in our year's program, and, as a net profit, we received seventy dollars. These proceeds will be used to swell our Washington fund.

Following this, the seniors leave their dignified position to initiate the "Freshies" who have been warned. At last the fatal evening has been decided upon November the sixth. How the freshmen shudder! They will earn their admittance to senior high activities if they survive the treatment.

Even though a few members of our class do occasionally neglect their home work and even "Talkies" for these new Miniature Golf Courses, the seniors are endeavoring to live up to their class motto.

With the assistance of Mr. Spaulding and a new senior pitcher, the two fall baseball games have been won by Hamilton.

Already we are considering our class play. The committee has selected a mystery play, "The Restless Jewell" and, if we are able to obtain the consent of our coach, Mrs. Boyd, it will be the first of its kind ever attempted by the Hamilton High School.

Although there are only few members in our French class, we enjoy our lessons. We are now translating "Les Miserables" and hope to see the "cinema" of the same name. The following was recently heard in our French class:

John: "I don't see why Hugo wrote so much about his grandchildren."

Miss Vogler: "Well, John, you're not a grandfather."

John: "No, not yet, give me time."

We all believe that larger rooms in the new high school are needed; but there is one exception and that is the room used for Latin IV. That really is plenty large enough, for there are only two seniors and two juniors in the class. We are translating "Cicero's Orations" this year and find it both interesting and educational.

We are very sorry to lose a prospective looking assistant-editor of this paper, Howard Boyd. He has deserted us for Billerica High School. If he doesn't miss anything else here, we know he will miss the second period. If you wonder why, ask Miss Anderson!

Junior Class Report

AT our first Class Meeting this year the following officers were elected: President, Esther Lee; Vice-President, Gladys Back; Secretary, Howard Boyd; and Treasurer, Gladys Farrell.

We were all sorry when a week later our secretary left for Billerica High School. Howard had been with our class since our sixth grade year. We hope he will enjoy his new school.

At our next Class Meeting we elected Elizabeth Crowell to fill the vacancy left

by Howard's resignation. At this meeting, we voted to have a social which will be held October twenty-fourth. We hope it will be as successful as the ones we held last year.

The most important event this year so far has been the arrival of our Class Rings. We are very proud of them and think they are the best yet.

Sophomore Class Notes

ON September 17, we held our first class meeting; at this time, we elected the following officers: Donald Greeley, President; Sidney MacDonald, Vice-president; George Magnan, Secretary William Preston, Treasurer.

Members of the sophomore class thoroughly appreciate the fact that the copies of the *New York Times* is left in our home room. We notice that many sophomores spend spare moments "reading the news"!

In the *Hamiltonian* Contest. The Sophomore "Scotch" are way ahead of the "Irish." Come on, Irish, where's your sporting blood? Going to be beaten by the Scotch? We want one hundred percent subscription among the sophomores.

At present the sophomores are struggling over—"I thought it was *he*" and "I took it to be *him*." Will we ever get it right? "Oh yes," says Mrs. B—"just remember that the verb to be takes the same case after it as before it!" That's all right, but Billy Poole wants to know how he can tell what comes *after* it if he doesn't know what comes *before* it!

Fall Baseball

THE baseball enthusiasts started to talk up baseball as soon as school began in September. Enthusiasm ran high, for at last Hamilton High had an athletic coach. At the first roll call, a

good showing of boys turned out; practice began at once and the coach soon had the right man in the right place. The men were picked as follows with Roger Smerage as Captain.

Smerage, Catcher; Burns, Pitcher; Corcoran, First Base; Sanders, Second Base; Buzzell, Third Base; Caverly, Short Stop; McCulloch, Center Field; Moore, Left Field; McGuire, Right Field; Perkins, Substitute.

Two games were played with Topsfield. The first game was played at Hamilton, Topsfield soon found they were up against a different team than that of last year. The Topsfield men were bewildered. The game was won 15-1. The next game was played at Topsfield with another run-away, 12-5.

We regret that the season for baseball is over, for we thoroughly enjoyed our practice. We'll be right there, Mr. Spalding when the spring opens up! In the meantime, how about a basket-ball team? Those interested, report to Coach Spalding.

1930 Alumni Notes

THELMA BAILEY is attending Salem Normal School.

Marjorie Baker is working at the home of Mrs. Perkins.

Mildred Charles is helping at home.

Jean Culty is working at Mrs. Hopkins.

Vivian Dodge is attending Salem Normal School.

Beatrice Edmondson is attending Salem Normal School.

Polly Feener is attending Miss Pierce's Secretarial School.

Ethelene Gould is Working in Boston as a dentist's assistant.

Barbara Hobbs is attending Simmons College.

Eloise McRae is working at Daniel Lowe's.

Estelle Melanson has announced her matrimonial engagement.

Rose Aime Perron is at home and attending night school.

John Roper is planning to attend a radio school this winter.

Edwin Sanford works in the office of the *Salem News*.

Charles Whipple, 2nd. is attending Bates College in Maine.

Peter Pappas is attending Brewster Academy in Wolfboro, N. H.



Junior High Department

Junior III Report

THE freshmen were bewildered the first few days, and did not know what rooms to go to for their recitations, but after the first week, they finally settled down comfortably.

A class meeting was called on Monday, October 20, for the purpose of electing the class officers. The following boys and girls were elected: President, Edward Laski; Vice-president, Lawrence Lamson; Secretary, Dorothy Greely; Treasurer, Jack Ryan.

The Freshmen are well started on a prosperous high school career.

Junior II Report

Hello Everybody:

Our clubs are very interesting this term. Miss Anderson has a Dramatic Club, Miss Whitney a Christmas Gift Club, Mrs. Holmes a Science Club, Mrs. Ramer a Red Cross Club, and Mr. Bezanson an Aeroplane Club.

We are also very interested in science experiments which we have almost every time we have science.

Last Wednesday about thirty-seven members of our class went on a trip to the Commonwealth Armory in Boston where we saw many very interesting exhibitions.

Junior I Report

Although we have not organized our class, we have five clubs in the seventh grade. They are a gift club under Mrs.

Holmes, a toy club under Mr. Bezanson, Miss Whitney's nature club, The Junior Red Cross Club under Miss Anderson, and the dramatic club of which Mrs. Ramer has charge. The Nature Club is studying trees. The Junior Red Cross Club packed, with the help of the gift club, three boxes to send to children in other lands. The dramatic club gave a play "Actions Speak Louder than Words" at the joint assembly at the Community House on October tenth.

The Excursion to Boston

A GROUP of students from Hamilton Junior High had the pleasure of enjoying an excursion to Boston to see the Historical Exhibition at the Commonwealth Armory. Four buses were hired for transportation to and from Boston. Mr. Spalding, Miss Anderson, and Mrs. Ramer acted as chaperons. We left the school grounds at nine-thirty Wednesday morning and arrived at our destination shortly before eleven o'clock.

We saw many interesting exhibits among which were several excellent displays of work done by the blind and crippled people. One of the displays that drew the attention of a great many people was the process that the insane people are put through when their insanity is at its height.

At noon we enjoyed a box lunch which each pupil brought from home. After luncheon, we observed the remainder of the exhibits and around two o'clock we

received an order to board the buses for home.

Our trip back was made interesting and exciting by the many shouts and songs in which the groups indulged.

We greatly appreciated the opportunity of seeing this wonderful Tercentenary Exhibition and assure our chaperons that all thoroughly enjoyed the trip.

Alice Stone, Jr. II

—o—

Advancement in Prison Conditions

On our trip to Boston I was most interested in the different kinds of prisons. To see them we looked through a small observation hole. As we looked through, the pictures grew very much larger so that we could see easier.

In the prisons of long ago the men used to wear old red jackets and long red pants. The hats were red with large tassels on them. They had high black shoes and their feet were chained near the bed. They could only move as far as the chain would let them. There was also a table and a chair in the cell. The bed was built into the wall and was very uncomfortable looking.

The prisons of today were very much different. The prisoners had on gray suits and caps. They had on low black shoes and their feet were not chained. They had beds which resembled a couch instead of being built into the wall. There was a chair. On the table was a plate, knife, fork, spoon, salt, and pepper shakers. Over the table was a looking glass. The sanitary conditions were better.

Surely prisons of today should do a great deal to make better citizens of the criminals who return to the outside world.

—Grace Cullity, Jr. II.

The Flying Yankee

The interesting thing to me at the Historical Exhibition was a model locomotive called, "The Flying Yankee." It was about two feet long, held a gallon of water and ran by its own steam. It could go ten miles an hour. I hope every boy saw it. As I watched it, I just couldn't help but think of what a wonderful time a boy could have if he owned a locomotive like that!

—William Stone, Jr. I.

—o—

Frightened by the Unknown

'Twas Halloween!

"What are we going to do?" moaned four desolate boys.

"It seems as though everybody has gone away," murmured Dick, the eldest of the four.

The boys were Dick Nielson, "Buddy" Anderson, Kenneth O'Hara and Harry Clarke.

"I hope none of you are frightened," said Harry

"We, frightened! pooh!" replied Dick.

"Look," cried Harry, there is a light in Miss Josephine's house! She is supposed to be away. She probably has just gotten home and, knowing it is Halloween night, is frightened. I say, let's go and scare her. Remember what fun we had last year, when we frightened her so badly!"

Away they ran for their bean blowers and other apparatus that goes with Hallowe'en.

Then they gathered at the corner and crept up to the house. They went around to the back-door and, to their surprise, found it open. They walked in and opened the entry door.

Such a scream as they let out! For there was an obstacle holding a flicker-

ing candle. It resembled a ghost whose head was an empty skull.

Just then something in back of them pushed them forward almost into the ghost's arms. Then a loud clatter of pots and pans, mixed with the moaning of weird animals, startled them.

By sudden force they were pushed through a swinging door into a living room. There was another huge ghost

who scared them quite out of their senses. This was too much, they turned and fled from the house.

After feeling sure that they were a safe distance from the house, they turned around; and there, standing in the doorway, was Miss Josephine hanging on to her sides with laughter. She had had her part in Hallowe'en this year!

—*Helen Tuck, Jr. III.*

Language Department

Events

IN addition to the numerous articles and programmes referring to the Bimillennium Virgillianum, we notice with interest the frequent reference to Virgil and quotations from his works, in connection with the events of the present day.

The motto which one of our newspapers selected in beginning an editorial, as a tribute to members of the American Legion, during their recent celebration was as follows: "Forsan et haec olim meminisse invabit," which translated into English means, "Perhaps sometime it will give you pleasure to remember these things." These words were spoken by Aeneas to his Trojan companions, when after a dangerous and uncertain voyage, they had finally reached Africa. With these and other remarks, he encourages his men and prepares them for future hardships on their voyage to Latium. These words might very fittingly also have been addressed to our soldiers during the war, had they foreseen the Legion Convention of 1930.

On Columbus Day, in the speech which the Italian Ambassador, Nobile Gracomo de Martino delivered on Boston Common, he paid tribute not only to Columbus, but another great Italian—Virgil. The latter represents the spirit of poetry and

idealism in literature, while Columbus represents the spirit of adventure and science.

On October 16th, a very interesting Virgil programme was broadcast from Washington, D. C., during which Ambassador de Martino was again heard, in his interpretation of Virgil's message for people of today. By comparison with the political and social conditions in Rome during the life of Virgil and his plea for a real national life, built on the ideals and philosophy of a character such as Aeneas, who sacrificed personal gain for the welfare of his country and people he showed that the world today, though far advanced in material things, may well heed the words of Virgil to the Romans. Virgil's message was too significant to belong to any single race or age, and so his name is still on the lips of many, even though two thousand years have elapsed since his birth.

—*Alice Newhall, Latin III.*

French Jokes

Le dentiste au patient—"Vos dents sont comme la campagne de l'ouset."

Le Patient—"Pourquoi?"

Le Dentiste—"Ils ont des espaces grandes ouvertes."

—*R. Smerage, '32.*

Christophe Colomb et Jean Valjean

CHACQUE année, le douze Octobre, C'est l'anniversaire de la découverte de l'Amérique. Christophe Colomb, l'auteur de cette découverte, naquit à Gênes en Italie. Il avait une grande amitié pour la mer et il y a passé beaucoup de sa vie. Il s'empara de quelques cartes de géographie qui firent croire son intérêt dans le géographie. Il devint un cartographe expert et lisait des richesses de l'Orient dans les oeuvres de Marco Polo. A cause de son savoir de géographie et son amitié pour la mer, il décida de trouver, une route directe à l'Orient. C'était à force de sa détermination et de son courage qu'il réussit à le faire et découvrit aussi un nouveau continent qui est maintenant l'Angleterre.

C'est intéressant de comparer le caractère de Colomb et celui de Jean Valjean, l'homme dans les Misérables de Victor Hugo, que nous étudions maintenant. Dans un journal récemment, il y avait un article qui disait que Colomb et Jean Valjean posséderent tous les deux le pouvoir de "devenir." On sait que Colomb devint victorieux malgré beaucoup de duretés et de critique. C'était la même chose avec Jean Valjean. Pendant qu'il était encore jeune, le mari de sa soeur mourut et il fallait que Jean Valjean soutînt sa soeur et ses sept enfants. Un jour, il n'y avait pas de pain et Jean Valjean n'avait pas de travail. Il tâcha de voler un pain pour les enfants affamés et on l'attrapa et le condamna aux galères. Après dix-neuf ans en bagne, il fut libéré. Mais personne ne voulut pas lui parler ou lui donner à manger ou à coucher, avec l'exception de l'évêque. En dépit du fait que Jean Valjean vola de l'argenterie pendant la nuit, l'évêque lui pardonna et il résolut de commencer une nouvelle vie. Il alla à une ville, ou bientôt tout le monde

l'aima et il fut nommé le maire. Il s'appelait M. Madeline. Au milieu de son bonheur, il fut obligé de donner une grande épreuve de son pouvoir quand il avoua qu'il était le forcat ancien que la police cherchait afin qu'il put sauver un vieillard qui était faussement accusé. Nous sommes certains de trouver d'autres exemples de son pouvoir de devenir en continuant d'étudier ce livre.

—*Virginia Powers, French III.*

Le Jour d'Action de Graces

Une fois pendant toute l'année, nous avons un jour que nous mettons à part surtout pour remercier Dieu de toutes les choses dont nous sommes reconnaissants. Nous l'appelons le Jour d'action de Graces. Le premier était dans l'état de Massachusetts il y a beaucoup d'ans. Les Pèlerins sont venus en Amérique pour avoir la liberté de louer Dieu comme ils voulaient. Ils bâtirent des maisons, des églises, et des écoles dans les villages. Ils se réconcilièrent avec les Indiens, mais le premier hiver était rempli de peines, et beaucoup de colons moururent. Cependant, l'année prochaine était si profitable que les Pèlerins se décidèrent de nommer un jour de fête où ils se régèleraient et aussi adoreraient Dieu. Les hommes allèrent dans les bois et rapportèrent chez eux des dindons. Les femmes cuisirent des tartes et beaucoup de poudings. Enfin le grand jour arriva et ils firent festin, jouèrent des jeux, et louèrent Dieu. Le jour d'action de graces est aujourd'hui une grande fête. C'est une bonne chose de nous souvenir de toutes les choses que Dieu nous a données, au moins une fois par an.

—*Elizabeth Crowell, French II*

Est-ce que ton fils fait tout ce qui est possible pour développer sa voix?

Non, il ne reste pas assez longtemps dans le bain. —*Helen Fletcher, '32.*

L'Automne

L'AUTOMNE est arrivée encore. Tous les enfants s'amuse^{nt} en jouant dans les feuilles mortes. Les feuilles qui sont tombées sont belles avec des couleurs variées. Il y en a qui sont rouges, des autres qui sont brunes, et encore des autres qui sont oranges et jaunes. Le vent est froid et aigu. Il fait très froid dans les nuits et le vent souffle très fort. Beaucoup d'enfants cherchent des noix après l'école. J'aime l'automne. Je pense que c'est une des plus belles saisons de l'année.

—*Esther Lee, '32, French II.*

—o—

Jean—"La femme de Guillaume l'adroit n'est-ce-pas?"

Jacques—"Pourquoi?"

Jean—"Bien, il m'a dit qu'elle met des offrandes brûlées (cuites) devant lui tous les jours."

—*Muriel Gould, '32*

A Cryptic Wire

A mother received this message from her son, who had departed for college, leaving behind some very necessary clothes:

"S.O.S., B.V.D.S., C.O.D."

—o—

"What makes the traffic lights turn red?"

"Maybe they're blushing to think how green they've just been."

—o—

Oh, Yes

"Pa, what is a rare volume?" asked Clarence.

"It's a book that comes back after you have loaned it," replied Pa.

—o—

The Importance of Punctuation

Woman: Without Her, Man Would Be A Savage.

Woman, Without Her Man, Would Be A Savage.

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